

the man in the mirror |||||

The dance of the broken spirits

The feel of music, the smell of smoke and sweat;
The taste of rum, the sound of giggle;
No bodily warmth;

Pursuing love and attention;
You have been here before;
Seeking very much the same;
You thought you had found it;
But it slipped from your heart;
Taking a splinter of your spirit, unnoticingly;

You feel beautiful, ready to conquer and be conquered;
Who is the stranger your longing seeks?
Who is the soul that will whisper in your ears?

Music, drinks and peals of laughter;
The clock is ticking on;
No one has acknowledged your presence, no one asked your name;
Emptiness, loneliness spins around your fountain of emotions;

As the day is chasing the night your eyes lose their scales;
You only see spirits dancing away on the tones of the salsa;
They dance and dance and dance;
More and more scales fall from your eyes;
The spirits are broken, broken by life experiences;
They dance with their pain and sorrow;
They dance in order to gain joy, love and attention;
Whose hands will touch you that you may know you are present?
Dance and wait;

The spirits have become broken by other spirits;
They are the life experiences that caused terrestrial pain;
Pain that seems eternal;

Four o'clock the clock strikes, the sounds of music die;
A wretched spirit holds your hand, seeking attention;
Your inner struggle begins;
Can what is broken be mended? Can one spirit heal another?
One hand becomes two hands become two sets of lips;
Without a doubt, this is the stranger your longing seeks.

Luciano Milliard
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